I pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content with all:
Seeke you to seize, and gripe into your hands
The Royalties and Rightes of banish'd *Hereford*?
Is not *Gaunt* dead? and doth not *Hereford* live?
Was not *Gaunt* just? and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well-deserving sonne?
Take *Herefords* rights away, and take from time
His Charters, and his customarie rights;
Let not to morrow then insue to day,
Be not thy selfe. For how art thou a King
But by faire sequence and succession?
Now afore God: God forbid I say true,
If you doe wrongfully seize *Herefords* right,
Call in his Letters Patents that he hath
By his Atturneyes generall, to sue
His Livery, and deny his offer'd homage,
You plucke a thousand dangers on your head,
You loose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honor and allegeance cannot thinke.

Ric. Thinke what you will: we seise into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.

Yor. Ile not be by the while: My Leige farewell,
What will ensue hereof, there's none can tell,
But by bad courses may be understood.
That their events can never fall out good. *Exit.*

Rich. Goe *Bushie* to the Earle of *Wiltshire* streight,
Bid him repaire to us to *Ely* House,
To see this businesse: to morrow next
We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create in absence of our selfe
Our Vncle *Yorke*, Lord Coverner of England:
For he is just, and alwayes lov'd us well.
Come on our Queene, to morrow must we part,
Be merry, for our time of stay is short. *Flourish.*

Manet North. Willoughby, and Ross.

Nor. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead. *Ross.*

Ross. And living too, for now
Will. Barely in title, not in re
Nor. Richly in both, if justic
Ross. My heart is great: but it
Eer't be disburthen'd with a libe
Nor. Nay speake thy mind &
That speakes thy words againe t
Wil. Tends that thou'dst speak
If it be so, out with it boldly m
Quicke is mine eare to heare of
Ross. No good at all that I can
Vnlesse you call it good to pity
Bereft and gelded of his patrim
Nor. Now afore heaven, 'ts
borne,
In him a royall Prince, and mar
Of noble blood in this declining
The King is not himselfe, but b
By flatterers, and what they wi
Meerely in hate 'gainst any of us
That will the King severely pros
'Gainst us, our lives, our childre
Ross. The Commons hath he pil
And quite lost their hearts: the
For ancient quarrels, and quite l
Wil. And daily new exactions
As blankes, benevolences, and I
But what o' Gods name doth b
Nor. Warres hath not wasted
But basely yeelded upon compri
That which his Ancestors atchie
More hath he spent in peace, the
Ross. The Earle of Wiltshire h
Wil. The King's grown bank
Nor. Reproach, and desolatio
Ross. He hath not money for t
(His burthenous taxations not
But by the robbing of the banis

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA